POETRY.

"Bye and Bye."

- We say it first when our hearts are gay,
 when our life's young sky is bue and bright,
 And we dream the morning hours away
 With never a thought of the coming night.
 "Bye and bye" we will win of fame
 Some lotsy niche in her temple high,
 The world shall ring with our nonored name
 In the years that are coming "bye and bye,"

- But time rolls enward and hope delays
 Her flattering promises to fulfili,
 Yet we list to her song of the future days,
 And, trusting as ever, believe her still.
 We heave no sigh for the swift-winged hours
 That are fifting by us as stiently,—
 We are looking still for the thornless flowers
 That we are to gather "by and bye."

- fears removedestly speed a way,
 Stealing the bloom from the fading cheek,
 Streaking the sunny locks with groy,
 But never bringing the good we seek,
 Full weary of sorrow the aching breast
 But longs in the quiet grave to lie,
 And only sighs for the dreamless rest
 That shall be its portion "bye and bye."

- Here in our chrysalis state we lie,
 Shaping wings for a heavenly birth,
 And the spirit that fain would mount and fly
 Is bound by life's pitful creeds to earth;
 B' t coon or late shall its chans be riven,
 We shall gain the knowledge for which we sigh,
 Why much was withheld and little given,—
 We shall know God's. Thy much was withheld and little given.

 We shall know God's reasons "bye and bye."

 Springfield Republican.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIDNEY GREY

A TALE OF

SCHOOL LIFE.

By the Author of "Min and Charlle."

So thought Charlotte as ahe went back into the parlor. "The real reason of Sidney's tidying fits, is because he is so anxious to prevent our having anything to quarrel about. If the others were like him how different it would be. If Edward would leave off saying disagreeable things, and Amy not be so fretful, and Frank so greedy, and I-what do I do? I am not, certainly like Sidney. I can't say that I ever try to prevent quarrels, or took after other people's interest, or or, is short, there are a good many things that I don't do; but I work very hard; I am never lazy, or greedy, or fretful. On the whole, I am".—

Charlotte was pacing up and down the room.

When her thoughts reached this point, a turn
brought her face to face with her mother's pic-When her thoughts reached this point, a turn brought her face to face with her mother's picture, and involuntarily she glanced up at it. The sweet, frank, earnest-looking eyes seemed to be gazing down into the depth of her heart, and she felt as if there was no use in making any more false excuses to herself. She sat down and covered her face with her hands. 'Oh, mamma, mamma!' she aid; 'wherever you are, don't look at me. I am not good, I am not good! I thought I should like Aunt Ellice's sort of fighting, and I don't. I have let myself be conquered; and now, after all my resolutions about trying, I am as far from being like you as ever.' a burst of tears stopped Charlotte's self-accusations, and for some minutes they fell faster and faster; but Charlotte's desponding moods never lasted long, and in a short time more cheering thoughts easne.

thoughts came.
She remembered that what Aunt Ellice had She remembered that what Aunt Ellice had and about the help ready for every one was as true now as it was then. How was it that she had thought se little about that part of the conver-ation? Her conscience told her that here was the true cause of her failure. She had be a thinking only of herself. Is was not teo late. Why not begin over again in a better way? What was it Sidney read last hight about "desing more than conquerors?" Charlotte had not listened attentively; but the words had recalled the lost train of thought. She got up now, found the place in the Bible, and read and re-read them several times. They filled her recalled the lost train of thought. She got up now, found the place in the Bible, and read and re-read them several times. They filled her heart with a better and truer courage than she had ever felt before; and some resolutions rose out of that morning's reflections and prayers, which, though imperfectly kept, wrought a gradual change in her character, and influenced all her future life. The first resolution she came to was, "Always to listen attentively at prayers." The second, "To do things for people when I can, without thinking whether they have aright to expect me." The third was, "Not to waste time in arguing." This most difficult of resolutions Charlotte finished writing down in her pocket-book, just as Amy re-entered the room to hear the morning lessons; and she had an immediate opportunity of putting it in practice, for Amy blamed her for not having prepared the books, and raised her eyebrows in a rather provoking way, when Charlotte, instead of her usual volley of excuses, said cheerfully, "I'll do it at once."

When the boys came from school in the even-When the boys came from school in the evending, Charlotte anticipated a grand opportunity of
conquering hesself. There was a dispute between
therself and adward, about whose business it was
to shut the parlor-shutters, as Barah insisted
some one should do every evening. They generally quarrelled about it till Sidney, in despair,
got up to do it himself; and then Edward rushed
out, put up the shutters with a clatter that
threatened to break every pane of glass in the
window, and came back looking sulky and injured.

any quarrense about it till genery, is despekt, ego up to de it hismelic and then Edward rander threshened to break every pene of glass in the window, and came back looking sulky and injured.

This evening Charlotte sume down stairs, restaire to the control of the control of

for his fault. When Amy tried to talk seriously to him about it, he silenced her by saying that if she had done as she was desired, and locked the closet, he should never have been tempted to take anything out of it.

Amy was ready to take her full share of blane; but, in talking the matter over with Sidney, she sad, "I cannot quite make up my mind how far am to blame. Tou know there were no locked up closets at home; and yet we never thought of taking anything without leave there."

""" and Sidney, thoughtfully. "I suppose the difference is that papa knew how to manage us without locks and keys, and we have not taken the same care of Frank. I am afraid we are all of us more to blame than just for this neglect about the closet. We have left him too much to himself. You know how much he was petted and flattered by visitors and the servants at home, and how many indulgences he had, which now he must go without. We never sympathised with him, or tried to make up to him for what he had lost. Perhaps, if we had, he would not have been so anxious to get what he likes for himself at all risks."

"Frank is such a very unsociable child," said Amy; "he never seems to understand what we are talking about, or to care in the least for our plane."

Amy; "he never seems to understand what we are talking about, or to care in the least for our "Let us try to show him, then," said Sidney,

"Let us try to show him, then," said Sidney,
"that we care for his plans."

From that time it cased to be the fashion in
the family to say, whetever anything interesting was being talked about, "You may go
away, Frank, dear, for you can't understand
this;" or, "I will finish what I am saying when
Frank is out of the room;" or, "Frank is too
much of a baby to enter into this."
Frank found himself talked to on equal terms,
and felt ashamed of alipping out of the room, in
the middle of the evening, to see if by chance
there were any niceestable things to be had by
making a pilgrimage to Aunt I lilies's room, or a
tour round the kitchen.

"Amy," said Charlotte, one evening, as they
were going to bed after a day when Sarah had
been in an unusually fault-finding humor, and
Aunt Ellies ill, and Edward rather moody," do
you remember mamma's reading to us one Sun-

Aunt Edice ill, and Edward rather moody, "do you remember mamma's reading to us one Sunday evening, long ago, about Christian climbing up the Hill Difficulty? I said then that I thought the climbing up the hill must have been a very pleasant part of the journey, much better than walking along the plain, easy road. Mamma shook her head, I remember; and so should I now if any one said the same to me."

"Yes," said Amy; "but when we think of the Hill Difficulty, don't let us forget that the Palace Beautiful and the Chamber of Peace s and at the top."

CHAPTER X. PROJECTS.

"Such splendid purpose in his eyes."—In Memoriam "Such spiendid purpose in his eyes."—In Memoriam.
"Come, it is blind man's holiday, certainly,"
said Charlotte. "You must shut up your dictionary, Sidney; you will not get a ray more
light if you hold it ever so close to the windowpane, and we must not light the candles yet.
There are (nly these two pieces to last us the
whole evening, and Sarah has said to us distinctly that we are not to have any more. Let us sit
round the fire, and talk. This is the first of Noyounder, and we ought to settle ourselves into-

round the fire, and talk. This is the first of November, and we ought to settle ourselves into winter ways, and choose winter quarters to be comfortable in."

"I can't think," said Sidney, why Sarah has grown so particular about measuring us out exact quantaties of candles. She does not suspect us of eating the candle-ends, I suppose, when we have more than we want to burn."

"Well, hem!" said Charlotte. "Sarah, perhaps, has a reason for being particular about candle-ends. I confess that I often lately have, no, not eaten them—you need not look so disgusted, Sidney—but taken them to melt up into oil, to burn in Edward's and my patent everlasting clay lamp, which is going to be so extremely useful and invaluable to us all the winter."

tremely useful and invaluable to us all the winter."

"Oh!" said Sidney; "that accounts, then, for the horrible smell that there has been all over the house lately."

"Never mind that now, Sidney," said Charlotte; "the work is done, and, after many attempts, Edward and I have at last succeeded in making two clay lamps exactly like those made by the four Russian sailors who were shipwrecked on the coast of Spitzbergen; and only think how independent we shall be of Sarah and her candle box. We may burn our lamps all night,

candle box. We may burn our lamps all night, if we like. How useful they will be to you and Edward when you have to get up early and sit up late, preparing for the examination you talk so much about."

"But where is the oil to come from?" said Sidney.

"But where is the oil to come from?" said Sidney.

"Ah, well, the oil!" said Charlotte. "Edward and I have only just begun to think about that; and I acknowledge that it is a difficulty. We find that it will not answer to melt candle ends; and, besides, Sarah won't let us have them."

"Not likely that she should," said Frank; "you might just as well burn candles at once."

"The Russian sailors, if you remember," said Charlotte, "melted the fat of the bears they killed to burn in their lamps; and I did once think of bear's grease, especially as I have two half pots of it in my Robinson Crusoe box; but then, when that is used, I can't afford to buy any more."

more."
"It would be cheaper to buy wax candles," said
Frank; "and you might have saved yourself all
the digging for clay, and pounding and drying in
the sun, and baking and pasting, and the trouble
of making all these wicks by tearing up one of

of making all those wicks by tearing up one of your own night—"
"Hush!" said Charlotte; "I have heard quite enough about that from Sarah and Aunt Ellice, and Sarah has gone out this very evening to buy some stuff; and I have to make a new one before I do anything else."
"Wha: a pity it is, my dear Charlotte," said Amy, "that you spend so much time and give yourself so much trouble about schemes that never come to anything, or do any good to any one."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1859

"I have thought so a long time," said Sidney.

"Well, Sidney," said Charlotte, "I must say you have hit upon a most de lightful project. I see it all. It is just like the end of one of the stories Amy teils us. Mrs. Dudding will not be able to get the money before Christmas: the bahiffs will come to the house and take her to prison, as they do in 'Sanford and Merron;' she will be in despart; Ellie will faint: and suddenly you sud Amy will rush in, pay the money, supply the family with new clothes—I am sure they want them—and bring them all home to agrand feast, which, in the meantime, Edward and I shall have been preparing. I must say, Sidney, I did not think you were clever enough to have thought out such a perfect project."

"And I did not," said Sidney, laughing; "the project as you have been describing it, is one of your very own."

"And the story, too," said Amy. "I assure you it is not in the least like the end of any of mine." "I have thought so a long time," said Sid-

mine."
"It is a project for spending money; no one has said anything about earning it yet," said Edward.
"That is understood, of course," said Charlette. "There would be no observe in civile-"That is understood, of course," said Charlotte. "There would be no pleasure in giving the money unless we had earned it: and if you will give me five minutes I will think of twenty ways. Let me see: when we left home, I thought we should, perhaps, some time have to earn our own bread; so I packed up in my Robinson Crusoe box every kind of seed that I could lay my hands on in the tool-house. I con't exactly know what they are, but we can plant them in the garden; something will come up, porhaps vegetables."

"Hetween November and Christmas," said Frank, drily.

"Ah!" said Charlotte; "I was forgetting that had to be done to soon; but never mind, that only one."
"While Charlotte thinks of her other nineteen "While Charlotte thinks of her other nineteen." Frank, drily

is only one."

"While Charlotte thinks of her other nineteen plans, let me tell you mine," said Sidney. "I have been thinking that Amy and I might possibly earn some money by selling some drawings. I beard the drawing-master at Wise's say, the other day, that he hired some of the drawings he gives us to copy at a stationer's in the town. Now, the stationer must buy the copies he lets out from some one; and I must say that our drawings are better than any I have seen at Wise's yet. Amy and I could copy some of the old Italian sketches of papa's which Aunt E lice has; and Edward, if he lites, can make some of his clever groups of animals, in pen-and-ink."

"It is a capital plan," said Amy. "We will look over the sketches to-morrow if Aunt Ellice will lend them to us, and see which we can copy best. I shall have time for my drawing now; the lessons take up so much less time than they used to do. What do you say, Edward? will you de your part?"

"I will see about it," said Edward.

"Edward's 'see about it' is worth a hundred of Charlotte's promises," said Frank, who had a talent for making unwelcome remarks.

"I can't draw, you know," said Charlotte, dolefully. "What am I to do? I hope you don't mean to do it all without me."

"There are your other nineteen projects," said Edward.

"Charlotte shall think them well out, and we

"There are your other nineteen projects," said Edward.

"Charlotte shall think them well out, and we will consult over them after tea," said Sidney.

"I think we may venture to light one of the two candle-ends, and I may go back to my dictimary. Edward and I must not let the drawing put the examination of our heads."

Nothing more, however, was heard of Charlotte's nineteen projects. Sidney missed her from the group after tea, and found her as he expected he should, sitting in the dark and cold, on the old camphor-wood chest from which mamma and Unc'e Walter had looked out at the red lights reflected in the sky.

red lights reflect d in the sky.

"I am come to have your projects all to myself," svid Sidney, sitting down; "but what is this, Charlotte?" he added, surprised to find the little cold cheek that was pressed close to his wet with tears.

little cold cheek that was pressed close to his wet with tears.

"Oh, Sidney!" said Charlotte; "I have been thinking all this time, and I have found out something."

"He way to look at that other side of the moon?" said Sidney, cheerfully.

"So; something about myself. I have found out that it is presumptuous and conceited te be always thinking, as I do, that I can do great things. I used to say to Rdward, when I persuaded him to work so hard, and give up so much time to our inventions, that we were

things. I used to say to klaward, when I persuaded him to work so hard, and give up so much time to our inventions, that we were working for the good of the family; but I see now that, in reality, I was thinking a good deal of doing something clever that people would wonder about; and now, when there is something reality useful to be done, I can do less than one, after all my beasting."

"Well," said Sidney, "I believe you have made a very valueble discovery—more useful to you than one about the moon would have been. It is not every one who has courage to make discoveries about herself, and act on them, as I am sure you are going to do."

"Tes," said Charlotte, "I have quite made up my mind. I will give up all thoughts of distinguishing myesif, or doing anything wonderful, even for the good of the family. I mean to be satisfied with doing quite common things, and to begin. Instead of thinking of any grand way of making money, I have asked Aunt Ellice to let me do some of that plain work that she is getting ready to send to her granddaughter is india, and she has promised to pay me for it I do it well. I hate working; but you shall see. Stay, I won't say a word more, for, perhaps, if I begin to talk, I shall not be able to do even that."

From that day till Christmas every one in the house had so much work on hand that there was no time even for regrets for home. Amy found that her regular daily duties were performed better and more thoroughly when she had to exert herself to make the most of every moment, in order to secure the lightest hours of the short days for her drawing; and Sarah could scarcely believe her own eyes when, morning after morning, she found Charlotte seated on the camphorwood box, working so diligently that it required a very extraordinary noise, or an unusually loud knock at the door, to make her jump up to see what was the matter. Sidney used to turn round every morning to nod to her as he went out of the garden-gate on his way to school, and it often eccurred to him, as he thought of the

very common thing. CHAPTER XL THE SNARE.

"Ir you had spoken a little more slowly, and not said the ends of all your words so very much alke, I should have been more sure that you had said it right," said Charlotte, returning Edward's grammar to him on the morning before the first day of the examination, after having heard him successfully gabble page after page, from "Propria que maribus" to the triumphant "Postremo."

"It does not much signify whether it sounds right to you or not," said Edward; "I know that I know it; and the beginnings of the words are quite all I have time for. It has only just struck five. I am really very much obliged to you, Charlotte, for coming down so early to hear me. It is wonderful how much time you can spare for every one, now that you have given up.—"

"All idea of distinguishing myself. That is true," said Charlotte. "I was really glad, how-ever, to get up early this morning; I have so much work to do. I have finished all that Aunt ever, to get up early this morning; I have so much work to do. I have finished all that Aunt Ellice gave me to do; and to night she is to look it over, and pay me for it. But now I am helping Amy to alter and mend all our winter clother. Aunt Ellice has been explaining to us that she shall not be able to buy us any new clother at present, and it is quite uncertain when papa can send us any money. Edward, suppose this should have to go on for a long time; suppose we have to go on wearing the same clothes, turning them and mending them till they looked as the Duddings' clothes do. How do you think we could bear to see Sidney look like William Dudding?"

"As if there ever could be the slightest dan-

How do you think we could bear to see Sidney look like William Dudding?"

"As if there ever could be the slightest danger of that!" said Edward, indignantly.

"Oh! I only meart Sidney's clothes look like Dudding's" said Charlotte; "and certainly, when one puts it in that way, it does not sound so bad. As for Amy, if she wore the shabblest dress in the world, she would still look prettier than any one else, and as for ourselves, I have always said that you and I——. But stay, I must not boast of what I think we could do in an emergency. I have not at all left off expecting something good still to come out of my Robinson Crusce box; but I won't waste time in talking about it. Sarah gave me leave to light a fire, so I will go down and get some coals and chips, and we will try to have a bright fire by the time Sidney comes down to finish his seasy. Our old desert-island plays in the wood taught us to light fire, at all events, Edward."

Edward votunteered to make the journey to the cellar, and when he came back he found

time to look on while Charlotte laid the coals and sticks in the grate, and to puzzle, her with scientific suggest one about their arrangement, and about the three things that are required to

and a ticks in the grate, and to puzzle, her with scientific suggest one about their arrangement, and about the three things that are sayaired to make a five burn.

"Now the coals are kindled the fire is safe," said Charlotte. "Kneel down, Edward, and warm your hands. Fam sure you cannot write with such frozen fingers; and now, do you remember the time when we read to page in Mrs. Marcet what you have just been explaining to me about combustion, and positive and negative electricity, and the reases why there must be air to make a fire burn? How strange it is to look back upon that time, when everything is so different now. And yet it was not all se very pleasant. How cross we used to be sometimes when we came in to those pleasast evening readings, because, perhaps, Fex, er one of the servants, had refused to let us do something or other in the garden. How long the days often seemed, and how difficult it was on a whole heliday to invent something quite new to do. It sounds a strange thing to say, Edward; but I really think that, in spite of Sarah, and our having so much to do, and no servants to wait on us, and even the danger I mentioned just now about shabby ciothes, that we are happier now than we were then; but here is Sidney aiready. Oh, Sidney! why did you come down before I had arranged all your things, and made a good fire for you?"

"And why did you get up before I was ready to come and help you?" said Edward.

"Well," said cidney, who had overficard Charlotte's last somence. "at all events I cannot say that the difference between last year and this is that I have fewer people to wait on me. I am glad I heard what you were saying, however; it will fill up the last crossing of the corner of our letter to papa, and be worth the whole letter to him, I fancy."

"Ah!" said Charlotte, "when one talks of being happier now, of course it means if it were not for pape's being away."

The "if it were not" was so much more to Sidney than to the others, that the mention of it brought a sorrowful look into his face;

"It is neither a virtue nor a vice," said Sidney, holding up the first page.
"Compensation! What a horribly difficult subject!" said Charlotte. "I should not know what to write about i."
"You have been talking about it this very morning," said Sidney; "and every day of my life you make me think of it. "Yes," he added, seeing Charlotte's puzzled expression, "of how my helplessness is made up for me by your—"
"Ob!" said Charlotte; "never mind going on; I understand the meaning of the word now. It is a strange thing that I should have given you an idea for your theme without knowing it."

"Sidney's way of getting ideas for his themes from other people is very different from Wycombe's," observed Edward. "Ever since the day when Lt. Wire gave out about these themes Wycombe has been walking up and down the playground, with his paper in his hand, stopping every little fellow he met, and saying, 'Give me an idea this instant, you little rascal, about Charity, or I'll knock you down."

"What an odd subject Charity is for Wycombe to have chosen," said Charlotte,
"Ob! every one has chosen odd subjects," said
Edward. "Foster is writing on Honesty, and
Dudding on Wisdom, and Lyon on Kingship.
That is very well for him: I believe he and Sidney settled their subjects together."

"I hope he is writing his very badly," said
Charlotte.
"Can't you be satisfied with hoping that I am

the last word in his easay. Edward congratulated her on having left of keeping people waiting, and Charlotte wondered how she could have had the patience to stay upstairs so late as seven o'clock on such an important morning. Amy, however, when she had finished stopping the easays, showed that she had done a very good morning's work before seven o'clock. She brought down the drawing portfolia, and displayed all the drawing done by herself, Sidney and Edward, during the last two months, carefully mounted, and set off with an edging of glit paper, which she said Charlotte had given her.

fully mounted, and set off with an edging of glit paper, which she said Charlotte had given her.

"From my Robinson Crusoe box, of course; you understand," Charlotte explained to Edward.

I'll had ben arranged the evening before that Sidney and Edward were to take the drawings that day to the stationer's, to whom they hoped to sell them; and Amy could not let Sidrey's go without spreading them out for a last admiring look. There were one or two that had been done during the half-year with the drawing master, and these had to nudergo a very careful examination, and the best to be chosen out. There was to be a silver medal given the half year for the best drawing, and Amy had made up her mind that Sidney should have it. She felt quite confident of his success when she drew out a beautiful landscape which he had begun at school, and been allowed by the master to-bring home to finish. It was a sketch from memory of the little wood behind the old Devonshire home, with the woodman's cottage in the foreground, and a group of rosy-faced children in the doorway.

"How wonderfully you have improved it by yesterday's work," she said; "I scarcely knew it again. I am glad this is not to be sold. It is sure of the prize."

"We won't be too sure," said Sidney; "and now, if you have done holding the drawings in different lights, and Charlotte has looked long enough at the outsides of our essays, we had better go. Stay, charlotte put up the very best pen you can find. I have promised to write Lyon's motto on his theme for him; and he never has such a thing as a pen that will write. Now, good-bye."

"We'll," said Sidney to Lyon, who beckened

Now, good-bye."
"Well," said Sidney to Lyon, who beckened
to him as soon as he entered the school-room;
"well"
"Finished," said Lyon, drawing out a paper

"Finished," said Lyon, drawing out a paper from his jacket pocket.

"I am glad to see it," said Sidney; "you bad written so little last night that I was beginning to be afraid."

"Come," said Collins, "that is a little too good. Afraid that he should not get his essay finished, when every one knows that you are trying with all your might for the prize. Who is to believe that, I should like to know?"

"I do," said Lyon. "Here, Grey, take it; I'm tired of it. Write the motto on the outside, and give it with yours to the Doctor."

"Well," said Collins, with a contemptuous whistle; "I know if I had as good a chance of the prize as you, I should not trust my essay out of my own hands; but I've done with you." And Collins sat down to read over again his favorite sentence in his own theme on Magnanimity. "I say, Grey, you may as well stop, though," he called out after Sidney; "I'll just read you what I've said here about the generosity of always attributing good motives even to our enemies. I think I've put it in a very striking way. I've heard you say something like it once or twice; and though I think it all stuff to act upon it, it certainly sounds uncommonly wall in an essay."

stuff to act upon it, it certainly sounds uncom-monly well in an essay." monly well in an essay."

Before the end of the day Sidney had listened to eloquent sentences on aimost every virtue and vice, art and science, under the sun. His fame as a ready listener had spread all over the school, and the essays were just now the uppermost subject in every one's thoughts. It was the first half-year that prizes had been given for drawing or English compesition, and they were the gift of one of the patrons of the school, who wished to encourage the study of English literature and art. The drawing prize was a very handsome silver medal, and the essay prize was to be five pounds' werth of books.

There had been a little discussion among the parlor-boarders, as to whether it were not a low thing to try for an English prize, and whether drawing, though well enough for manufacturers, was not rather beneath the attention of gentlemen: but Lyon had decided it by declaring his intention of winning both the prizes himse if, and when Dr. Wise had shown the five pound note to the assembled school, and given it as his opinion, that the boys in the lower school had quite as good a chance of winning the prize as the members of the first class, the emulation and excitement became very general. On the morn-Before the end of the day Sidney had listened

ing when the essays were given in, there was only one boy in the whole school who did not think that his own essay deserved the prize, and that nothing but the grossest partiality or stupidity on the part of the judges could make them decide against it. There was less anxiety about who would have the medal. Foster was considered sure of it. He had learned drawing longer than any one else in the school, and his productions had always been considered inimitable. There were a few who stood out for Lyou's superior genies; but then it was well known that he was dedicient in the art of finishing. To satisfy the expectations of his par isans, he had begun a grand historical picture for this occasion—the finding of the body of Larold. It proceeded favorably for a day or two, and the figures were sketched in with great vigor; but muckilly, as the work wen' on, the body of Harold became entangled and lost it the background, at d Lyon had tot patience to set about finding it again. He was easily persuaded to abardon the attempt altogether, and leave the field open to less ambitious striets.

The one boy who had no expectation of gaining either prize was Dudsing, when he understood that he must write an essay, and that it

altogether, and leave the field open to less ambitious arriets.

The one bow who had no expectation of gaining either prize was Dudwing. When he understood that he must write an essay, and that it would be dishenest to ask help from any one, he was pluned for some time into a state of the deepest despair. At last, he one morning campup to Sidney with an expression of great astonishment on his face. "I say," he said, in a whisper, 'what do you think I've done?"

"How can I tell?" said Sidney.

"Well, I have written an essay; and how do you suppose I did it? I sat down and wrote just what I really thought about the subject, and when I head done, I found I had made an essay. Here it is."

Sidney looked it over, and advised Dudwing not on any account to read it to any one else, or to let himself be persuaded to after what he had written; and Dudding after wearing out two copies of it by earr ing it always in his pocket, brought up the third to Dr. Wise with trembling steps and amidet a suppressed titter from his achool-fellows at the idea of an essay on Wisdom from Dudding.

There was so much to be done on the last day before the examination began, and Sidney had so many interruptions, that it was late in the afternoon before he found a favorable opportunity for writing the motto on Lyon's essay. As he was anxious that the writing should be worthy of the occasion and of his friendship, he beatowed some time at a pains on it, and, to be secure from interruption, took his place at Lyon's own deak, which was held to be a spot sacred from interruption, took his place at Lyon's own deak, which was held to be a spot sacred from the runsion, though it stoos close to the stove where all the idle boys in the school were sure to assemble on a dark, cold afternoon, when the classes broke up. Sidney had finished the last flourish quite to his satisfaction, and was just gathering up his books to go away, when he noticed that he had overturned a box of steel pens on the ground, and, late as it was, he thought himself obtiged to

down."

"What an odd subject Charity is for Wycombe to have chosen," said Charlotte.

"Ob! every one has chosen odd subjects," said Edward. "Poster is writing on Honesty, and Dudding on Wisdom, and Lyon on Kingship. That is very well for him: I believe he and Sidney settled their subjects together."

"I hope he is writing his very badly," said Charlotte.

"Can't you be satisfied with hoping that I am writing mine very well?" said Sidney, looking up.

"As you like," said Charlotte; "but now I have begun to be silent, I shall not speek another word till you and Edward to growl very savagely over them. Foster says it is all Grey's fault that he has 'got on so badly this half. He accuses Grey of having told the Doctor about those two Keys to Ediis, that used to pass up and down under the table so comfortably, and which disappeared after Grey was made monitor."

"But that is all old news," said Harding; "we have heard about Grey, and the Ekys, and the exercise, till we are all tired of it. There must be some other reason for Foster's looking so savage, this afternoon."

"I was just going to tell you, if you would have let me," said Melcot. "Fester has some reason for being savage. You know how sure he has been of getting the medal ever since we heard there was to be one; and now it turns out that Grey has brought a beautiful drawing, which Lyon says is sure of the prize. He never told any one that he was going to try for it, and he book away hit drawing uninished some time age."

any one that he was going to try for it, and he took away hit drawing untinished some time ago, o every one thought he did not care to try. I must say it is enough to vex any one to be disappointed so suddenly. I'm sorry for Foster, and I think it is rather sneaking of Grey to keep everything so quiet."

At this point of the conversation, Sidney, who had now picked up the last pen, hastened to make his presence known, by creeping from under the deek with as much noise as he could make. All the group turned round. "What have yen been doing there, Grey?" said Harding, rudely; "listening? Well, you've heard no good of yourself."

"Stay where you are my little prime minister." said Collins; "I should like the King to see how dignified and worthy of office you look just now."

"I have not been listening," said Sidney, who was now quite clear of the deek; "I made a noise when you first began to talk, but you did not hear."

hear."
"He is welcome to all he heard," said Harding.

"You may as well be civil, I think," said a boy who had not yet spoken, "considering that he has been helping you with your algebra all the af-

"You may as well be civil, I think," said a boy who had not yet spoken, "considering that he has been helping you with your algebra all the afternoon."

This was the last sentence that reached Sidney's ears. He saw that Dr. Wise had risen from his deak, and he was (bliged to hasten to speak to him before he left the room. He was late; the essays had all been given in, and placed by the Doctor himself in his own deak in the study; but Dr. Wise was always gracious to bidney. He accepted his apologies for being late, and then desired him to take the two themes to the study, and lock them up in the deak. "You will find the key of my deak under the clock on the mantel-piece," he said. "Be sure you put it back in the place you take it from. You see I am not afraid of trusting you with the knowledge of the place where I keep the key of my deak. I wish I felt the same toward all first-class boys."

Sidney's thoughts were so pre-occupied, that he had scarce presence of mind to make a suitable reply to the Doctor's compliment; and during his slow progress down the school-room, and along the passage to the study, he was carrying on a warm debate with himself. "I like him the least of any one in the school-room, and always behaved ill to me. I don't owe him any kindness. Why must I care if he is mortified or disappointed? Why should it spoil the medal to me if he does grudge it to me? Why need I troubie myself about him?" These were the first and loudest thoughts? then came one or two others. "I am not like other people; there is very little I can do. I shall be of very little use in the world—have a very short time, perhaps. I must not lose any chance of doing a kind thing, and returning good for evil. After all, Foster cares more for the medal, and deserves it better than I do. My drawing has scarcely been noticed. I can take it away without there being any questions asked and my being sent to the study to-night gives me such a good opportunity."

Sidney's hand was on the study-door as his resolution was made. He had not

the study to-night gives me such a good opportunity."

Sidney's hand was on the study-door as his resolution was made. He had noticed, as he walked along the passage, that there was a light shining through the chink of the door; but when he entered the room, he found it, to his surprise, dark and empty. He fancied he must have been mistaken about the light, and transacted his business as quickly as he could. He first placed the essays in the desk, Lyon's at the top, that it might secure the first reading; then he returned the key to its place, and approached the table on which the drawing were laid. His own had been moved from the place where he had left it, it looked as if some one had taken it up, and thrown it down hastily again. As he took it up himself, he thought he heard a rustling behing the window-curtain, and he called out, "who's there?" No one answered, and Sidney laughed at himself for his fancies. "I shall have a ghost-story for Charlotte," he thought, as he returned the drawing to the portfolio and left the room.

The instant that he had closed the door. Forleft the room.

The instant that he had closed the door, Fos-

The instant that he had closed the door, Foster stepped from behind the curtain, and walked up to the table. He had an extinguished candle in his band; but the room was not quite dark, for when the curtain was drawn aside, the winter moon shone full into it. Foster had come into the study that afternoon, as he said to himself, to have a last look at the drawings. There was another thought in his mind scarcely formed or acknowledged; but as he stood with Sidney's drawing in his hand, it grew into a a distinct and strong temptation. How easily such a drawing as this might be spoiled! A drop of candle-grease on that child's face, a trail of

smoke along those delicately-painted trees, and its beauty would be entirely gone. Foster was dally jog with this temptation, when he heard the sound of footsteps coming along the passage, and, afraid of being found by one of the masters in the study without leaves, he extinguished his cancle, and took refuge behind the curtain. From thence he had a full view of all Sidney's movements. He saw him undock the deak, put the essay into it, come to the table, look surprised at the position of his own drawing, and then take it away. When Foster came out from the curtain, he had little doubt that Sidney suspected some design against his drawing, and had taken it away for safety. "The little, mean-spirited, suspicious smenk!" he said to himself. "after all, I draw think I should have touched his drawing; but now I am determined he shall not triumph over us all. With all his cumning he shall not have everything."

This time Foster did not give himself time to think; the temptation came and was yielded to him a moment. With trembing hands he fit along the chirmens piece for the key, unlocked the deak took out the first paper that came. The mennight his the room was strong enough for him to recognize Sidney Grey's peculiar handwriting on the custaite. He tore over several pages tere and there, crumpled them we in his pocket, threw the cesses back into the teek, replaced the key, and rais out of the room. He ran down the passage in an opposite direction to the one Sidney had taken, made a circuit through the kitchen, and re-extered the school-room by another door. No one had happened to necleo his absence, but Sidney Grey's was observed. When he re-entered the school-room, Mr. Martin cubed out to him to know where he had been, and why he stayed so late. Sidney explained that he had taken his essay to the study; but there was a little embarra-sment in the manner as he spoke. He had been away longer than was necessary, and he feit, for the first time in his life, that he was not speaking the whole truth.

"To the study! and

"Te the study! and nowhere else?" said Martin.

"And nowhere else, sir," said Sidney, coloring, because he felt that the usher's eyes were fixed keenly on him.

"Look at Grey, Lyon," said Harding. "What has he been doing? Did you ever see any one look so confused as he does?"

"Pshaw!" said Lyon; "what should be have been doing? When will you learn to know people Harding? I believe you might live all your life with Fester and Sidney Grey, and yet never find out to the last that there was any difference between them."

Late as it was when Sidney left the mobool, the most interesting part of the day's business was

find out to the last that there was any difference between them."

Late as it was when Sidney left the monool, the most interesting part of the day's business was a til to come. Edward was waiting for him in the screet, and they walked into Dunstait together, to offer their drawings to the printseller. Edward's courage was not up to the point of standing by while Sidney bargained with schookeeper. It suited his idea of his own dignity better to set off home as soon as te had threwn the portfolio down on the counter, and to leave Sidney to enter the misterious little back shop alone. It had never entered Sidney's bead to be ashamed of taking money for his own work, so he enjoyed the success that attended his first offort, without any false pride to spoil it. The printseder was a good judge of drawings, and was sumprised at the taiout shown in some of Sidney's disactors. He took the portfolio into the front shop to show the drawings to a rich customer, who happened to be there, of whose taste he thought highly; and he heard such a favorable opinion of them, that, when he returned to Sidney, he had selected ten out of the fifteen drawings, and offered him a five pound note in payment for them.

This was so much more shan Sidney had ventured to hope, that he scarcely knew how to help looking too much surprised and pleased, and he made as much haste out of the shop as he could, that he might keep his countenance. When he had gone a little way down the street, he stopped under the flaring gas-light in a butcher's shop, to have a good look at the magical piece of paper, and be quite sure that the "Five" in the corner was not a delusion of own eyes. He stood looking at it some time, building pleasant castles in the air, that would have almost matched some of Charlotte's, about a future successful career as an artist, and about winning back his father's forture by the work of his hand. He was roused from his reverie by hearing his name pronounced in a well-known voice, and, looking up, he saw Wycombe's face leaning from

looking up, he saw Wycombe's face leaning from
the shop-window, and his great green eyes fixed
in stupid astonishment on him. "Holle," he
called out; "what are you doing here at this
time of night? What have you get in your
hand?"
Sidney had no inclination to enter into a long
explanation to Wycombe, and he remembered
that it was getting very late; so, instead of
making any reply, he hastily returned the note
into his pocket book, and set off on his way home
at rather a quicker pace than usual. Wycombe
contented himself with throwing a handful of
sawdust after him, and would soon have forgots

into his pocket-book, and set off on his way home at rather a quicker pace than usual. Wycombe contented himself with throwing a handful of sawdust after him, and would soon have forgotten his curiosity if events that occurred afterwards, had not brought the circumstances of this evening vividly back to his mind. Sidney found his brothers and sisters waiting anxiously for him when he got home; and Charlotte, in honor of the events of the day, had endeavored to make the tea look as much like one of her favorite feasts as she could, considering that her power only extended to the arrangement of the cups, and the way of cutting the bread and butter.

All reasonable expectations were satisfied by the sight of the five pound note; but Amy and Charlotte had been indulging some unreasonable ones, so that they were not quite so much surprised and delighted as Sidney expected. A great part of the evening was spent in discussing what was to be done with the money now that they had got it. At last it was decided that Sidney should inclose the money, including the sum Charlotte received from Mrs. Ellies, in an envelope, directed to Mrs. Dudding, and send it by the post, without giving any clue by which she might, discover the donors. Charlotte thought this rather a flat ending to such a brilliant project. It would be so unsatisfactory, she urged, never to know. Sidney heard her exclamations to an end, and then handed her a paper, on which he had written a few words. Charlotte read it, and passed it back to Sidney with an acquiescing not of the head and a smile.

"Let me see it," said Frank, reading the paper as it passed. "My Father that seeth in secret— What does it mean? Why could not you have said it out loud?"

"I understand," said Charloote, "and I liked it better written than said out aloud. Yes, Sidney; I see you have settled on the best way. When I used to make such grand projects, I am afraid I thought very little, or, indeed, not at all, about what you wrote just now; I mean about His seeing them."

BRYORE HONOR IS HUMILITY.

CHAPTER XII.

BRYORE HONOR IS HUMILITY.

The three days of the examination passed quickly; every one was too busy to talk, and to much excited to be anxious. The only interruption to the engrossing interest that occurred was caused by Lyon's having discovered that he had lost a letter from his father, containing a five pound note, sent to defray the expenses of his journey home, and by his disturbing himself and every body else by vague searches for it, and and imparient exclamations of wonder as to whan it intended to turn up. If it had been anybody in the school but Lyon who had lost a valuable letter, more interest would have been excited by it; but Lyon's possessions, of all kinds, were well known to have a share of their master's love of independent action. They were constantly putting themselves out of the way when they were wanted, and turning up unexpectedly in impossible places when all need of them was passed. Even Sidney had left off disturbing himself at Lyon's constant excismation of "There now, here are all my books gone again!" and though, on this occasion, he goodnaturedly helped Lyon to turn out the pockets of all his jackets, and to toss over and over the miscellaneous contents of his deak he felt pretty sure, all the time, that the note would be found in Lyon's own purse or pocket-book, when he was in a sufficiently calm state of mind to recollect where he had pat it.

It was rather a trial to Lyon's temper to see that no one thought much of his less, especially as he was obliged to carry on the search quietly. He had had so many lectures from the Doctor on his extreme carelessness about money, that he had no particular wish for this new proof of it to be brought before his notice.

On Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, the examination closed? The Doctor wound up the half-year's work by an address to the boys, valued chiefly by them for the opportunity it afforded for cheering, and making as much noise as they liked without offence. The rest of the afternoon was devoted to the cereunquies

examiner from Oxford were shut up in the s udy actually reading them. Every boy betseved himself to have the best chance; but the aumbers who were inclined to give the second to Grey or Lyon were about equal. Collins friends his self by taking but on their chances, and by trying to rouse a spirit of rivalably be ween them, and to ruffle Lyon's temper by reminding this was the first time for many half years when there had been any doubt about his being first in everything. He could not be sure whether he speceeded or not. Lyon was not in his usual spirits that afternoon; but then he was evidently uneasy about his lost letter. He new thought that he find shut ft up in his essay, which he had been reading over for the last time when the letter had been put into his hat de; and the idea was not rendered more agreeable by Collins reminding him that he had acrawled a likeness of the examiner on the back of the envelope.

Collins reminding him that he had scrawled a likeness of the examiner on the back of the envelope.

There was one other person who was still less inclined to enjoy the mirth and frolls of breaking-up day, or to enter into the prevailing a pies of conversation. Foster was generally supposed to have good reason for bring out of temper. He had been extremely unsuccessful during the examination, and was known to lie under the Dector's displeasure; but those who had leisure to notice him were surprised to see how listless and depressed he appeared, and how pettishly he resented any remark about the essays or question from Lyon shout his letter. They little knew the pain and fear that the slightest alliason to either of these subjects gave burn how he was longing to be out of the way of hearing more of them. He had no patience with Lyon for searching so perseverligly for his letter, and he felt quite sick with appealention of having left it in his essay, and his uneasiness, lest the cricature should be recognized by the Dector. Foster could have set his mind at ease on that point. The envelope containing the note and letter was safe in his poets; he had found it among the crumpled-up leaves he had torn from the essay he supposed to be Bidrey's. I wenty times during the three days he list of the latter was affected in the latter was affected in the latter of the latter of

and a good mans of their friends; but the long-est days come to an end, and the important Mon-day morning came at last.

day morning same at last.

It was the custom for the friends of the town boys to assemble in the school-room to see the prizes given away, and amy and Charlotte and made up their minds to walk with their brathers to the school on Monday morning, and take their places among the spectators.

Edward's commonstrate

Enward's composure was rather disturbed at this arrengement. He had his doubts about Charotte's discretion, and terrified her, all the time of their walk to Dunstall, by accounts of the dreadful consequence that would follow if the dreadful consequence that would follow if a be looked at him, or made hidney look at her, or gave any one reason to suppose that she was interested in anything that might happen.

interested in anything that might happen.

The walk from the entrance of Dunstall to the school-house was rather a tedious one to the girls, for adward kept a strict look-out for any of our fellows who might be coming down the street, and, on the slightest appearance of a suspiciou- jacket or cap, he forced Amy and Charlotte to retreat into a shop, or instructed them to cross the road and look into a shop-window, as if they had nothing to do with him, and were not going anywhere in particular. After a great deal of clever generalship, Amy and Charlotte effected their entrance, into the school, without its being known to more than half the heart was the series and the school of the school without its being known to more than half the heart was the series where the school of the school of the school of the school of the school with the series where the school with the series where the school of the sc out its being known to more than half the boys that they had accompanied their brothers. Sci-ney, in spite of Edward's remonstrance, asy them comfortably placed, and then want to his-

them comfortably placed, and then want to hisown seat.

The boys were arranged according to their orber in the classes, and Sidney's place was between Lyon ard Collins on the first form. When he took his seat he saw that, though all the school was assembled, Lyon's place was vasant.

"Where's Lyon?" he winspered to Cellins.

"The Doctor put his head out of the class-room afew minutes ago, and called him. They are having some talk about something or other in there. Perhaps they are telling him that he is to have the essay prize. Ah! here come the Doctor and the grandees! Bow it is going to begin."

to have the essay prize. Ah! here come the Doctor and the grandees! Bow it is going to begin."

When the Doctor and the other gentlemen had walked up the room, Lyon followed, and went quietly to his place. Els face was flushed, and his eyes resolutely fixed on the ground. Bidney tried to catch his eye. He wanted to give him a look that would show him that he was ready to rejoice in his success, or to receive the same generous sympathy from him; but Lyon carefully kvoided turning his head.

"What's the row, Lyon?" whispered Collins, behind Sidney's back. "Can't you answer a fellow? What's the row?"

"We are not allowed to talk," answered Lyon; and, as he could no longer look on the ground, he fixed his eyes s'earlily on the green' table on which the prizes lay. He was not thinking of them Sidney saw in a moment, and felt sure he he had heard something that disturbed him far more than any disappointment about prizes was likely to do. Sidney was so much troubled by this thought that he did not hear one word of the Doctor's opening speech. It was followed by a call on Grey, senior, to come up to the table to receive the first Greek prize. There was a good deal of a amping and clapping from the boys as Sidney went up. While he was'in the very act of taking the book from Dr. Wise he looked round to see if Lyon joined in it. No! Lyon was sitting quite still, staring at the table; and Collins has to touch his arm to make him attend when the Doctor called him to receive the first prize for Latin verse. Sidney clapped with all his might; but Lyon walked back to his place without looking at any one.

The distribution of prizes to the different classes did not take up much time. One boy was called up after another, and they received their books more or less awkwardly, were cheered, and wa'ked back to their places.

When all these less important prizes were distributed there was a pause. The diver medal

When all these less important prizes were dis-tributed there was a pause. The silver medal and the long row of handsomely-bound books remained on the table, and there was a little movement of anxiety among the boys and their friends.

movement of anxiety among the boys and their friends.

The Doctor stood up again before the table, and every eye in the school was fixed anxiously upon him. He coughed, arranged and rearranged the books, and when he at last began at the speak, it was in a grave tone of voice, that made at least one heart in the room sink. He said that before he told them to whom the prise essay had been awarded, he was corry to be obliged to state a circumstance that had given being great pain. In looking over the cough he had found one that had been torn and injured, with the evident intention of preventing the writer of it from having the prize. He had found out to whom the torn essay belonged. The writer was sure that it was perfect when it last his hands; but he was so unwilling to believe that any of his companions would purposely injurehim, that he had earnestly requested him not to make any investigation on the subject, or take any notice of it whatever. This request the Doctor said he could not comply with. He thought this duty to relate what had happened before the assembled school, and to give the offender an opportunity of repairing his hult by publicly owning it. At the request of the injured person, he had promised not to punish the offender an opportunity of repairing his hult by publicly owning it. At the request of the injured person, he had promised not to punish the offender an opportunity of repairing his hult by publicly owning it. At the request of the injured person, he had promised not to punish the offender and opportunity of repairing his hult by publicly owning it. At the request of the injured person, he had promised not to punish the offender and opportunity of repairing his hult by publicly owning it. At the request of the injured constantly with a companion so hashy injured, while the injury was unacknowledged and unatoned for.

The Doctor's solemn voice ceased, and the es-

natened for.

The Doctor's solemn voice ceased, and the eager young eyes that had been fixed on him wandered curiously around the room. Would any one come forward. A few moments of breathless silence ensued.